

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 3.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1896.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

You will know a real helpful farm and garden and fruit paper when you see it. Let us send you

The Rural New-Yorker

this week. If you have a rod of ground it will help you make good use of it. Send your address for free sample copy.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER, New York.



THE NEW Clothing Store AT WILMINGTON

Is an object of interest to all thrifty buyers of

The Good Philadelphia Made Clothing.

1. All Clothing sold by us is made by us.
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3. This saving is at least 30 per cent.
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LARGEST CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS IN THE WORLD
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The Philadelphia Press For 1896.

Pennsylvania's greatest Republican family newspaper, The Philadelphia Press, will enter upon the new year under the most favorable conditions of its history.

A powerful agent in the national community, it is now more than ever a leader in news and able comment.

Its various departments have during the past year been greatly strengthened.

Pennsylvania is covered county by county, city by city, town by town. No other newspaper covers the State so well.

The Woman's Page of The Press has become one of its most prominent features and is eagerly sought by ladies.

In the matter of Amateur Sports The Press is also far in the lead and publishes more news on that subject than any other paper in the country.

The subscription price of The Press, per year, is: Daily, six dollars; Daily and Sunday, eight dollars; Weekly, one dollar.

The Press is the greatest want medium in Philadelphia and gives the lowest rates on that class of advertising.

The Transcript, \$1 a year.

THE FASTNET LIGHT.

Is the First Glimpse the American Gets of Foreign Shores.

The first glimpse of Great Britain that the American tourist gets on his European tour is that of the Fastnet Light.

It stands on a rugged and solitary rock, situated nine miles south of Crookhaven, at the extreme southwest corner of Ireland, and is perhaps more storm-battered than any other around our coast. The rock is 80 feet in height, and the lighthouse towers another 70 feet above, yet, in winter gales, the Atlantic billows literally bombard the massive structure and have even smashed in a portion of the lantern at the summit of the erection, the sea frequently sweeping over the rock with tremendous force. Some two or three years ago the stormy weather then prevailing prevented all communication with the rock for many weeks, so that the store of food was consumed, with the exception of some flour. At last a schooner managed to approach sufficiently near to enable a small quantity of food to be dragged through the sea by the hungry men, and fortunately the next day the sea moderated, and the stores were once more fully replenished.

Except in very calm weather the Fastnet is surrounded by a fringe of foam, and the only means of landing is by the aid of a "jib" 88 feet in length, so placed on the rock that, in moderate weather, its end reaches outside the surf. When a visitor wishes to land (an unusual occurrence), he is rowed in a small boat as near as the waves permit, and the lightkeepers throw out a small buoy, attached to a rope, which is secured by the man in the boat. The jib is then swung out, and the visitor, placing one foot in the loop and catching tight hold of the rope, is hoisted about 40 feet vertically, and then the jib, being pivoted at its foot, swings him horizontally about 100 feet on to a safe landing.—London Sketch.

ENGINEERING BY A MOUSE.

The Skilled Plan by Which He Got Himself Out of a Deep Hole.

"While digging holes for telegraph poles at Byron, Mass., said a Western Union man, 'I became interested in watching the ingenuity and perseverance of a mouse. He fell into one of the holes, which was 4 1/2 feet deep and 20 inches across. The first day he ran around the bottom of the hole, trying to find some means of escape, but could not climb out. The second day he settled down to business. He began steadily and systematically to dig a spiral groove round and round the inner surface of the hole with a uniformly ascending grade. He worked night and day, and as he got farther from the bottom he dug little pockets where he could either lie or sit or rest. Interested witnesses threw in food."

"At the end of two weeks the mouse struck a rock. This puzzled him. For nearly a day he tried to get under, around or over the obstruction, but without success. With unflinching patience he reversed his spiral and went on tunneling his way in the opposite direction. At the end of four weeks he reached the top and probably sped away to enjoy his well earned freedom. His escape was not seen. When his food was put in the morning, he was near the surface, but at night the work was seen to be complete, and the little engineer, whose pluck and skill had saved his life, had left."—New York Sun.

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

FOSTER'S.

German Army and Navy Cure

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itching and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly allay the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. Has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents—Drug Stores.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CURE Cures Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases. 50 Cents.

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Is an eight page seven column paper published in Washington, D. C., the Tuesday morning of each week. In politics it is strictly non-partisan independent newspaper advocating only such legislation as is manifestly in the interest of a majority of the people. In addition to fresh daily news from all over the world, the Post offers special features in its widely known editorial department, interesting fiction, and items of interest to the home. Full market reports, etc.

Come into our office or drop a postal to the Post and get a sample copy. The Weekly Post is 10 cents a year.

The Narrow

....World



SOMETHING had happened! There was such a rosy flush on her cheek, so bright a gleam in her eye and on his face such an utter abandonment of joy, that any one—even a man—could have guessed the truth.

Fortunately they had chosen the hill road, the least traveled of all the ways that lead down from the Monticito Valley into Santa Barbara, and for the first half hour after the event they met no one.

It was what the inhabitants of Channel City call a "genuine Santa Barbara day." The sun shone warm and bright, and a soft perfumed breeze came out of the west. There was June in the air, although the calendar was set for midwinter. The birds sang in the trees above them, the squirrels chirped from the hillside, and their horses, wandering from the road, sank to the knee in a waving sea of flowers.

"First of all," said she breaking the silence of a whole minute, you must tell me father."

"Certainly," said the young man. "Who's afraid?"

"You have never seen papa do the role of the parent," said the girl: "he can be quite a dragon. As you are a kinsman, however—"

"A fifth cousin," cried the young man, with a laugh.

"Well, fifth cousins are better than nothing, aren't they?"

"Truly; how else should we be here to-day?" Then the young man added with peculiar and significant emphasis: "I am inclined to pride myself on that little scheme."

The girl brought her horse to a sudden stop and turned her clear brown eyes, half opened under their long lashes, upon her companion.

"That little scheme," she repeated slowly. "I don't understand."

The young man laughed uneasily. "Why, Catharine," said he, "you don't mean that you have believed in the entertaining fiction about our great-grandfather?"

"Old Ebenezer Strong?" exclaimed the girl. "How dare you call him fictitious, when I saw his portrait at my own father's?"

"As your ancestor, my dear one, he is an undoubted reality—but as mine, I regret to say, he is merely a figment of your worthy father's imagination. In short—I would fain break it to you as gently as possible—we are not fifth cousins all, but just plain ordinary."

"Not fifth cousins?"

"No, darling; and if you are going to faint, please fall on this side, with your head right here on my shoulder."

"I won't wretched boy, how could you deceive poor papa so?"

"I didn't deceive him. He deceived himself. From the very beginning of our acquaintance he seemed determined to locate me somewhere on the Western family tree, and you aided and abetted him in the attempt."

"Richard Strong, how can you!"

"I have a sweet and gentle disposition, and when he asked me if I was descended from Ebenezer Strong, of West Brighton Centre, and you looked at me so appealingly—"

"I didn't say such thing!"

"Why shouldn't I? I assure you I have doubtless had several hundred ancestors named Strong, and took the chances that some one of them rejoiced in the presence of Ebenezer. It is just the sort of a name that my forebears were given to put upon themselves, as an effective and continuous mortification of the flesh. A horse-hair shirt, now, would be nothing to it."

A long, even canter in silence followed, and they well into town before the conversation began again.

Then, fearful of observation, they spoke in commonplaces.

They turned into State-st., and stopped at the post-office, the morning's mail having constituted the chief cause for the trip to town. Richard Strong dismounted and presently appeared with a letter in his hand.

"None for you," he said. "This is for me; from the governor. I'll wager it has something in it about cousins."

"Let me see," said the girl, holding out her hand. He tore the letter open and gave it to her. Then he swung himself into his saddle, and they started slowly down the street.

Suddenly the girl gave a faint cry. "Papa has been writing to him!" she exclaimed.

"Writing to him? What for?"

"He has asked him to pay us a visit on the score of relationship, and your father—"

"Well!" said the young man excitedly.

"He says he will start immediately—the very next day."

"Let me see the date of the letter. Ye gods! It has been delayed! He must have got here this morning!"

"The train has been in two hours," she said, glancing at her watch.

"I must see him immediately," said her companion nervously turning his horse one way and then another.

"Who would have dreamed that the old boy would take that cousinship so seriously!"

"I did, sir. I knew from the very beginning that it would make trouble some time."

"From the very beginning?" repeated the young man, pausing in his excitement long enough to note the force of this chance admission. "So you acknowledge, do you?"

"There's the hotel 'bus," cried the girl, hastily changing the subject. Perhaps the driver can tell us something."

A long empty vehicle was passing them on its way up the street. Strong called to the driver and he stopped.

"Did you bring up a tall gentleman this morning, with a white mustache and goatee and gold eyeglasses?"

"Yes, sir. Your father, don't you mean?"

The young man exchanged startled glances.

"How did you know?"

"He was inquiring for you, sir, as soon as ever he got to the hotel; and when he found you were gone, he went and hired a buggy."

"A buggy—what for?"

"He asked the way to Judge Weston's place in the Monticito. He said the Judge was a near relative of his."

"A near relative!" groaned the horrified Strong, while his companion turned away, her face, although whether to conceal a look of anguish or a laugh will never be known.

The omnibus proceeded on its way. "We must hurry," said the young man, spurring his horse to a canter.

"The less time they have together before they have explanations are made the better."

"What do you think they will do?" asked the girl.

"I don't dare to think. You see on everything except this family business our respective parents are so far apart as civilized humans can be. Your father, now, is an elder in the church, while mine has lost all the religion he ever had; and he has never recovered from the habit of using swear words acquired during years of service in the regular army."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Then, again, Judge Watson is an ardent Republican."

"And is your father a Democrat?"

"Worse than that—he is a Mugwump."

"How interesting! I have always longed to see one of them."

"And my father believes that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays."

Heaven! Let us ride faster. Papa will have slain him before we get there."

"Really, Catharine," said the young man, when they had slackened their pace to climb the hills, "it would not surprise me if they positively refused to enter into partnership as fathers-in-law."

"Never mind, Richard," said the girl, smilingly. Father has never yet refused me anything, when my happiness was at stake—at it is now."

Strong shrugged his shoulders. "Mine has," he answered. "He is made of flint, the old General; and if he should take it in head to say no, it would be awkward in ways I don't like to mention."

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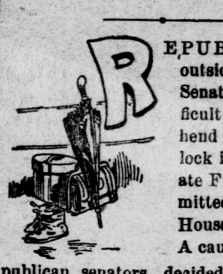
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Washington

.....Letter



REPUBLICANS outside of the Senate find it difficult to comprehend the deadlock in the Senate Finance Committee over the House tariff bill. A caucus of Re-

publican senators decided that the bill should be reported to the Senate without amendment, just as it was passed by the House, but instead of the bill being reported it has been hung up in the committee and nobody knows when it will be reported or whether it will be reported at all. Is it any wonder that Republicans are asking what was the use of reorganizing the Senate committees if a bill ordered reported by a Republican caucus can be deadlocked in a committee which has a majority of Republican members. The alleged cause of the deadlock is the action of Senator Teller, of Colo., a Republican member of the Finance Committee, in declining to allow tariff bill to be reported to the Senate unless it be amended to provide for the free coinage of silver. What makes the action of Senator Teller inexplicable is that the Finance Committee has already reported a bill for the free coinage of silver as a substitute for the House bond bill, which is now before the Senate and will almost certainly be passed by the Senate. That being the situation, what can Senator Teller, or any other silver man hope to gain by putting a free coinage amendment on the tariff bill. The tariff bill was passed by the House as an emergency measure intended solely to furnish the revenue needed by the government, and if it is passed by the Senate in that shape it would at least have a chance to become a law. With a free coinage amendment it will not have even a ghost of a chance. It might get through the House, and even if it could it would be vetoed by the President's veto to a dead certainty. Senator Teller's intentions are unquestionably good, but nothing but harm can come from the killing of the House tariff bill, and that will be the result if he maintains his present position.

Hon. Geo. Prince, a S. C. Democrat now visiting Washington, probably gave away more than he intended when he said of the political situation in his State: "For some time it has been evident that the Democrats would sooner or later have to contend with another party, and now that all danger of black supremacy has been removed (constitutionally restricting the right to vote), and the Democrats have virtually ceased fighting each other, it is apparent that the Republican party will come into the field prepared for vigorous battle on purely economic issues. South Carolina has of late years grown to be heavily interested in cotton and woolen mills and other manufacturing enterprises. The people who have put their money into these are becoming strongly impregnated with the doctrine of protection. With the race problem settled, a great many of them will not hesitate to ally themselves with the Republican party on the ground of its fostering attitude towards American industries. From this source will come the future danger to democracy in South Carolina."

There was one portion of the speech of Senator Jones, of Ark., in favor of the free coinage substitute for the House bond bill that was pleasing to all Republicans regardless of their position on the silver question. That was where he said that it was perfectly plain and the revenues of the government were at present insufficient and that they were not likely to become large enough without additional legislation. That has been the position of the Republicans from the first, and the attempts on the part of Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle to make it appear otherwise have not changed anybody's opinion. As has been repeatedly shown by Republicans in both House and Senate it has been a lack of sufficient revenue that has kept the Cleveland administration in financial hot water, and that will keep it there until more money is provided.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has almost unanimously decided that a resolution affirming the Monroe Doctrine shall be reported and a sub-committee was appointed to draw up the resolution, which will be along the lines of the one offered by Senator Lodge early in the session. The one dissenting voice in the committee came from a Democrat, Senator Gray, of Delaware. The committee also appointed sub-committees to consider the Cuban and Armenian questions. The friends of Cuba ought to be well satisfied with the committee put in charge of the question—Senators Sherman, Lodge and Morgan. The House committee on Foreign Affairs has entrusted the Cuban question to a subcommittee composed of Representatives Hitt, of Ill., Adams, of Pa., and Draper, of Mass.

Tired in the Morning. WILMINGTON, DEL. Jan. 6th, 1896.—I have taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have found great relief. I had tried feeling and suffered with a headache every day. I was tired in the morning as well as at night. My father and mother have been benefited by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Isabella Murray, 108 East 19th St.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.

Our Woman's

.....Column



HE good wife is always good. Nothing puts her out. She may have neuralgia, a tipsy cook, and twins who always cry at the same time, but she never looks

cross or speaks hastily, and she always sees that dinner is ready at the proper moment. The children may have mumps, chicken-pox and measles, and the plumbers may have stopped the Croton water because they are fixing the main pipe; the baker, butcher and milkman may present their little bills with exasperating frequency, and with reproachful remarks appended; and the ice-man may have "struck;" but when husband comes she always smiles beautifully and has something nice and cool all ready in the refrigerator or steaming hot on the table, as the season may suggest.

She never mentions disagreeable bills to the partner of her soul, and never asks for money; but she is always nicely dressed in cool, fluted muslins, or good, rich cashmere, or something like that. No dowdy calico wrappers on her. She makes everything herself—out of nothing—elegantly.

She is charming; all the men envy him; but she never flirts. She is always so glad to have his man live with them, and to take her advice in everything. But, most of all, when he comes home very feebly and with exceedingly weak knees, she never casts a doubt upon his statement that "they've been taking stock done at our place," whatever may be the season of the year, and she always pities him for having to work so hard.

Talking about husbands reminds me of a judgement which was pronounced the other day at Volosso, in the Island of Seio. Two people brought actions for damages against a local railway company for losses sustained by a collision; a man had lost his arm, a woman her husband. The judge awarded 8,000 piastres to the man and only 2,000 to the woman. There were loud murmurs in court at this remarkable decision, but the judge soon justified himself. "The arm," he said, "was priceless, nothing could restore it. But you," he continued turning to the woman "are still young and pretty; you have now more money; you will easily find another husband who possibly may be as good—perhaps better—than your dead lord. That is my verdict, my people." A wise judge!

There was a time when a woman who had the temerity to cross her legs in public was considered as quite too bold to be within the pale of good society. Fashion's kinks have taken another twist now, and the woman who is in good society shows it by crossing her legs audibly. That is, she not only crosses them in the privacy of her own room, and when she seats herself in her favorite wide, low chair in her reception room, but she crosses them in the street cars and the theatres, in the railway stations and in church! She does, indeed!

Possibly there is nothing actually criminal in the habit, though our grandmothers thought so, nor is it indecent, as our mothers thought, and would like to think yet if they were not bewildered by the awful over-turning given to their previously conceived ideas of what is right and proper, but it is certainly inelegant outside of one's boudoir, where the froufrou of lace ruffles and silk plaitings, the amplitude of skirts and abundant draperies cover all crude outlines, the crossing of the legs is not exactly ungraceful. Then, too, it gives opportunity for the display of a wellshod foot, a daintily turned ankle, half displayed, half concealed by the bottom of their skirts, and quite suits the abandon of the exquisite tea gowns and the hour.

Dress reform is more popular in the nursery than it is anywhere else, and the young inhabitants thereof are to be congratulated upon the change. The baby of to-day is freed from the irritating flannel band pinned tight about its chest, the long flannel shirts, other skirt dress and little accoutres that constituted its toilet a few years ago—poor little thing! Undoubtedly half this misery they endured was caused by the "wadded-up" condition of their clothing. Fancy yourself swaddled in bands and bands—ofttimes too tightly pinned or altogether too loose—feet rolled in innumerable thicknesses of flannels—then the unnecessary strain on tiny hips of the long skirts—it is high time, in fact, for the accomplishment of such reform—curious neighbors will no longer have an opportunity to look at the dear little one, for the express purpose of examining the texture of the flannel, which is a right good thing, baby in its short clothes, will grow sturdy and bony with the hours.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

